

# Vox Collegii

Chapel Edition

PAT FOSTER

ANDERSON

1950

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE  
WHITBY, ONTARIO

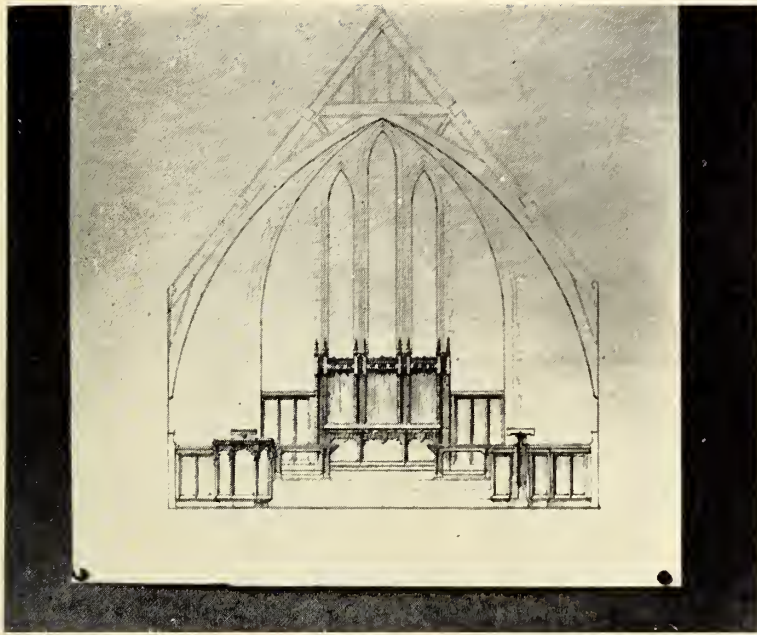
*Vox Collegii*

Presented by  
The Yearbook Committee

1956  
Chapel Edition

The course of prayer, who knows?

Keble.



## THE CHANCEL

Architect: F. BRUCE BROWN

Photo by S. L. OSBORNE

## *Dedication*

On February 2, 1949, at a special meeting of the Board of Directors summoned for the purpose of considering celebrations in honour of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the College, a motion giving effect to a hope that filled many hearts was introduced by Professor C. B. Sissons and received unanimous support. The motion authorized the inauguration of a Building Fund for a new Chapel and additional classrooms, and the formation of a Committee to study the situation and engage an architect to draw up preliminary sketches. When the Anniversary Banquet was held on June 7th following, the project was formally launched.

The Committee has taken upon itself a noble task and has done it well. Its enthusiasm has been shared by an active Alumnae organization and by a host of friends from East to West. To-day their vision is taking tangible shape — brick upon brick, stone upon stone — and by the fall the new structure will resound to the Hymn of Dedication.

So, to the Board of Directors who have guided this enterprise since its inception, and indeed to the Alumnae and many other friends who have witnessed a similar confidence in the future of O.L.C., we wish to dedicate the Chapel edition of VOX COLLEGII.

May all who enter our halls in the years to come multiply the faith of those who made our Chapel possible.

## *In God's House . . .*

*It is said that in God's House there are many mansions and since I have been at the College, I have thought how true this is. No matter what the creed or colour, we are all equally blessed by God. As I sit and look at the shadow of our new Chapel rising up against the sunset sky, I think how fortunate we are going to be to have such a fair place where we may meet and talk with God.*

*As the sun's rays shine through the fine window that is being built at the front of the Chapel and cast their glory all around us, we have a quiet, peaceful feeling in our hearts and instead of thinking back to what we have sometimes lacked, we are able to thank God for the things we have. And as our new Chapel raises its arms to heaven, it is as though it is asking God for a blessing. As each girl, now and in the ages to come, enters its portals to kneel and worship God in all His Holiness, may she be blessed with peace of mind and soul.*

RUTH RICHARDSON





MOLLIE MILLAR

## *Wednesday Chapel*

# *Threads of Gold*

Early in March, when I visited the United Nations, I saw what is reputedly the largest, if not the most beautiful, tapestry that has ever been woven, hanging beside the delegates' entrance to the General Assembly Hall. My attention became rivetted upon this gift from Belgium, for I had never seen anything so magnificent. The texture was so fine that at first glance I mistook it for a painting!

Since I came home, I have thought many times of that tapestry, for in many ways our student body is like one vast tapestry that is still being woven. Each one of our students, past as well as present, is a thread — a golden thread, I hope — running her own appointed way through the mosaic of life leaving beind the delicate tracery of her own design. Each thread adds something to the unfinished product. Each thread is necessary — "Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar" — and we strain to follow the pattern it weaves in the hope that it will reveal the purpose of the Great Designer already implanted within it.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread  
Where love ennobles all."

As I write I muse upon those in our College this year, and I ask myself: how will the strands of their deeds appear on this tapestry in the years to come? Will they hold fast, cemented with love for their Alma Mater, or — avault the thought! — will they break and be lost in some emptiness of a starless night? I pray that thread shall hold to thread, that the pattern may betray no trace of imperfection by reason of one missing line, that strength may rise up out of unity.

I suggested a thread of gold. Yes, but not a "saint-seducing gold" that glitters to hide the meanness of its depth. I am dreaming of that pure and refined gold, alloyed with just the exact amount of "Veritas, Virtus, Venustas" to give it an imperishable permanence; of that true gold which, like the sun, bathes all the world in a shimmering evening brilliance. It is best then to be a golden thread.

Now, gentle reader, I invite you to these pages, for here some new weaving has begun. Perchance you too will find

. . . "through its woof there run  
Some blessed threads of gold."

S. L. OSBORNE





Dr. S. L. OSBORNE  
Principal

## To Miss Carter



### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Dear Miss Carter,

This has been a year of accomplishment for the Student Council and at this time we should like to express our thanks to you for your interest and encouragement. Perhaps at times, you have felt that you were talking in vain but we assure you that the point has always been made.

We enjoyed the fact that our customary sponsoring of the first school dance of the session involved also the introduction of a Hi-Fi set. We hope that you will remember, as we shall, the riotous debates which led to the calling of a whole School Assembly to settle the issue and which christened the dance the "Hi-Fi Hop".

We thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Pat Riddell's decorations, developed around a musical theme, were most attractive and Mr. Ron Hewett of the C.K.L.B. station in Oshawa, for whose acquaintance with us we must thank Joan Collacutt, was a really talented Master of Ceremonies.

The Council has had few unpleasant problems to deal with this year and for the absence of these in particular, we want to thank you truly. We have appreciated so much the spirit of your leadership and we hope you will look back upon 1956 with particular pleasure.

Affectionately,

FRANCES SWAN,

Vice-President.



Miss J. MAY CARTER

Dean



# Editorial



PATRICIA RIDGELL, Yearbook Prefect, 1956

Last year, in May, when I was elected Editor of "Vox Collegii", I was thrilled beyond words. I was honoured that O.L.C. wanted me, a new girl, as Prefect. That night I dreamed that I was Editor — in bifocals, with a stub of pencil, sitting at a littered desk, correcting galley sheets. It was very romantic. Then, after the night, in the cold light of morning, I faced grim reality. The extent of my knowledge of writing and printing would not even cover the cheese in an O.L.C. mousetrap.

Now, as the smoke of battle clears, and "Vox Collegii" goes to press, I wonder. Do I know much more? It has all happened so quickly and has been such a wonderful experience that it has seemed almost like the dream that I had.

This year, the Chapel year, is particularly special at O.L.C. and someday all

of us privileged to be here now, will look back and say: "I was there when the Chapel was built". But that is not all that we shall remember. We shall hear again the heated debates—"Shall we change the Yearbook name or shall we not?" We shall remember the posters: "Vote for Blue Flyte" or "Vox Collegii" or "Thread of Gold". We shall re-live the excitement of the voting day and the result: "Vox Collegii" was still our book. We shall hope: that we too have put something worth while into the collection of College Yearbooks.

Now the editorial desk is clearing and the floor again reveals its wooden nature. Already the Staff walks in a more or less normal way to the door instead of teetering one foot in front of the other through the clutter of copy and pictures. Yet the course of life is perverse for now, naturally, there are fewer knocks which need to be answered. The mail-man brings no more advertisement contracts or cuts: and picture proofs will not weigh his sack for a day or two yet. So, worn down with editing copy, your Editor reclines in her easy chair, a capacious wastepaper basket close at hand, composing her remarks to you.

Chiefly these must consist of thanks: for the challenge we have been given and the opportunity we have found. It is true that we have quailed at the prospect of our inadequacies being laid bare but we have tried to forestall the possibility of this and individually, and as a Committee have consulted you, the Faculty and School, to know what suggestions you wished to offer us. You have been very good to us and there are indeed many of you that we must specially thank.

Dr. Osborne gave us the privilege of calling this the Chapel Edition and has indeed made it all possible. Throughout the year he has given us of his resources as a Principal and of his gifts as a person. He offered us a great adventure when he asked us to join him in his plan to bring more closely together, through the Alumnae Bulletin, all the members of the College, past and present. May his hope be fulfilled and in all our homes may "Vox Collegii" have a conspicuous place so that the name of the College may continue to be known across the country.

To Miss Carter we are in perpetual debt — for ideas when ideas were lacking; for her judgment when feeling ran high and for time, when time ran out.

Mrs. Hill too, we cannot re-pay. She leaves us with a lasting impression of integrity and ability as we look back over the days when she waited for our debates to end so that she could know for

what she was to design a cover. And would we not all like to claim as our own, the work she has done for us? Thank-you, Mrs. Hill more than we can say.

To Mr. John Scott, of the Scott Studio, Whitby, we also offer our heartfelt thanks. He has been more than generous with his time and skill and patience. The large amount of fine photography available to the Committee is the result of his keenness.

Of Mrs. Bradley we must also make special mention. At a moment's notice, she prepared for us a grand list of people who might be interested in advertising in "Vox Collegii". Our advertising section itself is proof of the service she rendered us.

And so to the work of our Bursar and School Secretary. Apart from so much that is already done, with them rests the most important task of checking that our book reaches those with whom we want to join hands—our Alumnae members across the land. On behalf of students and Alumnae alike, may we offer our sincere thanks, Miss Newman and Mrs. Richardson, for all that you have done and will, we know, still find to do for "Vox Collegii".

No word of ours could end without a word of course for the Editorial Staff. Gloria Gardner, as Assistant Editor, has been a jack-of-all trades and master of all, handling a thousand and one tasks that are classed under "Miscellaneous" in the Editorial Office. She has been patient and cheerful even when I wanted to explode or at least to scream. Our School Events Editor, Doreen Yaxley, has always been busy lending a helping hand, thinking up new ideals and helping to make difficult decisions. Sharon Long has, over the year, as Sports' Editor, kept a book of Athletic events that in itself should be printed. Excerpts from this have helped her edit the Sports' pages. Wendy Greer, our photographer has taken and collected snapshots all year with a bubbling zest and enthusiasm that spurred us all on. Thank-you, Wendy. Joanne Strower and Shirley Moffatt as Business Managers have kept us from falling off the deep end financially. Owing to their management, we have a wonderful group of advertisers this year. Margaret Austin, too, has been a magnificent worker and we are sure that neither we nor she will forget that pages must be typed before they can be printed. Thank-you. Margaret.

These girls, the Committee of "Vox Collegii", with Mrs. Furlong at the helm, have steered the course through the rough waters of the Editorial Sea, working in harmony, developing seamanship.

The end of the College year approaches and as we come to May Day and Graduation, our thoughts are very much with those for whom this year will be the last spent within the College gates. We wish them good luck in whatever they choose to do and we hope that next year, when Mrs. Osborne leaves for an Alumnae tea, that she will return to us with news that they keep the College ways deep in their hearts.

Which brings us to another and final thank-you. No group of people can be held together by ideals alone. Only through a living personality can we be united. When we look back upon our days here, some of our happiest recollections will be of those happy hours when Mrs. Osborne entertained us at formal dinner, buffet supper, tea or lunch and made us feel that in the lives of our Principal and his wife, there is, and always will be, a warmth of feeling that will make the College what it truly is to us, our other home.

We know that we are feeling this as you, the Alumnae have felt it and still do feel it. It is in this spirit of fellowship that we now put before you, the Faculty, the present students and all our many friends and supporters, "Vox Collegii" of 1956.

PATRICIA RIDDELL,  
Editor.



## *Dawn and Dusk*

The golden sun comes creeping o'er a hill  
And sheds its light upon the earth, so still.  
A warm, soft breeze puffs up, and as it blows  
Brings all the perfume of a blushing rose.

But then as though the roses are not there  
The fragrance of a lily fills the air  
Quite heavy with the dew drops from the night  
And robins break the hush at morning light.

And as the noon-day sun shines bright and warm  
Upon the earth, all glowing in its charm  
The peacefulness of summer lays its hand  
On all the happy creatures of the land.

The day is quickly ebbing to its close.  
The robins chirp, from perches in the rows  
Of hyacinth and yellow daffodils,  
A last good-night to earth, now hushed and still.

MARGARET BIRD



# The Graduating Class

JANE CARRUTHERS *HALL*  
Toronto, Ontario

Art Major  
Farewell House 1954-56

This auburn-haired girl has won school-wide acclaim for her splendid spirit as Head Girl this year. Jane takes her Art Work seriously and this Fall, plans to attend Art College in Toronto, where, we hope, being closer to the "Home Front" will prove an advantage.

Favourite Pastime: Relaxing on the Hall in her Bermuda shorts.

Pet Aversion: "Ottawa Citizen" in the daily mail.



DAWN DAVIS *SUTHERLAND*  
Eganville, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Farewell House 1955-6

"Dood!" (short for Dawnalda), has convinced everyone that her hair is not red, and has thus left herself no excuse for her fiery temper. Sometimes called upon to explain the existence of a grave error in her Trigonometry homework, Dawn simply utters a profound remark: "'Pon my soul!" Will this be the watchword of her forthcoming year at Queen's?

Favourite Pastime: Dreaming about picking her own Florida oranges.

Pet Aversion: Re-arranging the bedroom—(again!).



JUDY DUNNING  
Ottawa, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Farewell House 1955-6

Jude's merry laughter rocks Main Hall from morn 'till eve. All her actions centre around the discovery: "Oh, I feel so tiddly to-day!" For a boarder, she manages to share her time quite evenly between O.L.C. and Toronto. She may easily be recognised by the sound of her patriotic humming of "Dear Old Trafalgar".

Favourite Pastime: Lifting the rug so that Marlene can push the dust under it.

Pet Aversion: Alarm clocks.





GLORIA GARDNER

Norwood, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Hare House 1955-6

Gloria is an able member of the Yearbook staff and is to be seen numerous times a day, rushing about with an armful of books and replying in a mutter: "Oh dear! Oh dear!" to her roomies' enquiries as to what is the matter. Public school teaching is for Gloria if she can tear herself away from the choir.

Favourite Pastime: Closing doors after Dawn and windows after Sally.

Pet Aversion: Thick History books.



MARY HARPER *MACGOUGAN*

South Hadley, Mass., U.S.A.

Music Major

Hare House 1953-56

Mary has specialised in Music this year and has been President of Dr. Osborne's choir. She dreams of being a church organist and a pianist of renown and we have the utmost confidence in her. On Tuesday we see a happy Mary humming: "To-morrow's Wednesday", a tune she wrote herself, but on Thursday she is once more counting the days until next Wednesday.

Favourite Pastime: Going to the infirmary to get a "decent sleep".

Pet Aversion: Noise.



JANE KINCAID

Aurora, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Maxwell House 1954-6

"Kinc", the strong, silent President of our A.A. is never at a loss for a date to any of our dances. She loves peace and quiet, much to her roomies' consternation, for they abhor it. Our Jane can be seen wending her weary way to bed after studying until the last minute at night. We soon learned to listen for her groan in English class. Journalism is for her!

Favourite Pastime: Keeping steady company with the ping-pong table.

Pet Aversion: Oxfords with no souls.



JOAN McLEAN

Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation

Hare House

After being away from school for a few years, Joan has entered right into the swing of things at O.L.C. Her cheerful smile stayed with her even during examinations and O.L.C. has developed the theory that if all gals from the West are like Joan, give us more!

Favourite Pastime: Reading Philosophy books.

Pet Aversion: Birds that sing before the alarm goes off.

## SALLY MERWIN

Sudbury, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Farewell House 1955-6

"Sal" is Vice-president of the Graduating Class. She spends a great deal of her time keeping her cashmere coat out of everybody's reach. She laughs at hollow threats to put her on a diet. Commonly called "The Fresh Air Fiend of Lower Main", Sally intends to go into nursing, if pneumonia does not claim her first. She expresses her radiant optimism at least twice a day with the words: "It was hardly nice at all!"

Favourite Pastime: Drinking "hot" apple juice.

Pet Aversion: Interruptions while "cramming".



## DIANE MILLAR

Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Farewell House 1954-6

"Di" can be found wherever an aeroplane book or an article on the north country is handy. Vice-President of the A.A. and another future nurse (or housewife), Diane is quiet by temperament and has been a blessing to the noisy Senior Hall. Petite and pretty, here is one loss that O.L.C. will greatly regret.

Favourite Pastime: Watching the Stock Market and receiving lost property for "Pound".

Pet Aversion: The slow mail delivery from Ryerson.



## MOLLIE MILLAR

Haileybury, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Maxwell House 1954-6

As President of the S.C.M. this year, Mollie has worked hard and the annual Bazaar proved to be a great success. Her bubbling personality and quick wit have gained her many friends at O.L.C. Mollie is another of our girls who is going into Nursing next year.

Favourite Pastime: Complaining about French.

Pet Aversions: T-o-o numerous to mention.



## JANIS OLMSTED

Aylmer, Quebec

Senior Matriculation  
Hare House

This girl is undecided about her future but whatever it is, she will have a lot of fun doing it. Our Jan keeps the teachers in a constant state of depression from which they hope to awake to find her called to the next class. She is renowned for her "original" questions in Botany and Zoology.

Favourite Pastime: Receiving long distance telephone calls and over-size boxes of chocolates.

Pet Aversion: Being accused of living in Hull, Quebec.







JOAN PRICE  
Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Maxwell House

"Gus" is our Class president, a lot of fun and a wonderful organiser. The lab. holds her spellbound. What can it be? A hair tonic or some new dessert? She enjoys all sports and greets everyone with a "How d'y do!" She hopes to attend university one day and after Music next year, you may find her with roomie, Janis, wandering McGill campus.

Favourite Pastime: Sleeping—to observe the material for the psycho-analysis of dreams.

Pet Aversion: Small ice-cream cones.



PATRICIA RIDDELL *LARGE*  
Toronto, Ontario

Art Major  
Hare House 1954-6

Pat is one of our "Big Four" and as Editor of the Yearbook, she has taken on a great responsibility. She is without a doubt the "sweetheart" of the Senior Class. According to reliable sources, Pat's main ambition is to follow up her Art work, although nursing had been uppermost in her mind until she began to take Zoology.

Favourite Pastime: A book in a quiet corner.

Pet Aversion: Meetings.



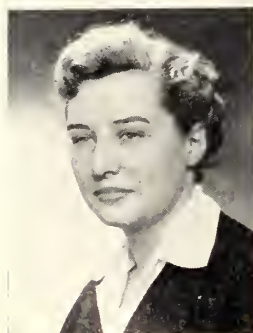
JOANNE STROWGER  
Whitby, Ontario

Music Major  
Maxwell House 1952-6

"Jo" is not a very frequent visitor to lower Main. She comes when she needs to borrow Dawn's alarm clock and stays to flaunt her Day Girl's privileges before our eyes. Obviously she prefers thumping the ivories to the company of the Senior Class. Her Blind Date Bureau has been the most enterprising business in the school and those who have not been satisfied may always come back and try again.

Favourite Pastime: Doing everything a Boarder cannot do.

Pet Aversion: Pupils who come to their music lessons early.



FRANCES SWAN *LACIANI*  
St. Catharines, Ontario

Senior Matriculation  
Hare House 1952-6

"Swanee", Vice-President of the Students' Council, spends much of her out-of-school time on fascinating trips to Europe and always comes up at the right moment with an account of some little humorous incident which occurred over there. Opening "Tuck" three times a week is a nerve-racking job which Fran seems to enjoy and because of this, she is always in demand.

Favourite Pastime: Driving the little puddle-jumper which she parks on the drive.

# *Robert and Elizabeth*

Latham Corners,  
January 17th, 1855.

Dear Katherine,

The most exciting things happened here yesterday. I must tell you all about them, beginning at the very beginning, and telling you everything. As I go on I shall try to help you to understand life here in Upper Canada, for it is so different from life in England.

The whole affair began the night before last with the big freeze-up that made the river like a sheet of glass. Everyone at school was very excited because Mr. McLeod, the school-master, said that we could have a skating party that night. The day after the freeze, I was especially excited because Father had suggested to Mr. McLeod that there be a party at our house afterwards. I think that the main reason that he suggested it was the school-master has been courting my big sister Elizabeth, but they had had a quarrel and were not speaking to each other. Of course, since I am only twelve years old, I was not supposed to know or understand anything about it, but since Elizabeth and I sleep in the loft, I had heard her crying at night. When I asked her what was wrong, she told me to leave her alone, and just kept on crying. So I think Father suggested the party to get Elizabeth to speak to Mr. McLeod.

I had gone to bed early the night of the freeze but I heard what was said below. You see, the house is built of logs, and is not very large. Downstairs there are two rooms. Across the back is Mother's and Father's room and outside their door is a ladder leading to the loft where Elizabeth and I sleep. By lying on the floor at the top of the ladder, I can see everything that happens in the main room below.

The main room is our dining room, parlour, and kitchen all rolled into one. On the inside wall is a huge stone fireplace made from stones which Father gathered in the fields nearby. The hearth is our kitchen, and there is an oven built into the stones at the side of the fireplace. Father made all our furniture of lumber from his mill. There is a waterfall at one side of the island and when we came by here Father said that it was a perfect place to settle. He is very persuasive, and when other folk came by this way, he convinced them that they should stay too. Because we were first here, the town is named Latham Corners after Father.

To return to Elizabeth and Mr. Robert McLeod. I overheard her telling Mother and Father why she was never going to speak to him again. Elizabeth wants to be married in May when the travelling preacher comes out from Toronto, but Robert is studying law and wants to wait until he writes his final examinations next year. He says it is absolutely impossible to support a wife on a school-master's pay, and that only an idiot would want to try it. Elizabeth says that it can be managed very well, but that she will never marry a man who considers her to be an idiot.

I wish he would marry her, idiot or no, because her crying keeps me awake at night, and in school he snaps at us. Yesterday he strapped Johnny Matthews for

dipping my pigtails in the inkwell. I did not mind a little ink, but Mr. McLeod said that inky clothes make more work for mothers and older sisters.

So yesterday morning when Mr. McLeod said that we could have a skating party on the river, and then go to my house afterwards, we were all excited, but Robert and I most of all, for we were both hoping.

Of course, unless girls want to be called "Tom-boys", they do not skate, but it is fun to watch the boys race across the ice. At seven o'clock last evening, all the school children met in front of the house. Mr. McLeod and Father each drove a team, and, in two sleighs, we started along the River Road to a place where the ice was smooth and wide and windswept.

It was very cold, so each of us was warmly wrapped in fur robes. Mother gave us each a hot brick wrapped in wool to put at our feet. It was a merry ride, with fourteen of us bundled into the sleds, singing winter songs, all the way along the road. The horses seemed to dance in time to our music and their harness bells added a jingling, merry note to the night. In the distance, through the dark trees, a huge brush fire burned brightly. Mr. Matthews from the General Store, Mr. Stewart, the harness maker, and Mr. Taylor and Mr. Dupuis, and many other town people were there. They helped us down from the sleighs, and we girls stood laughing and chatting about the fire while the boys attached their skates to their boots by leather straps. I wished so hard that I could skate too that it must have shown in my face, for Father said, "Now Molly, you know little girls don't skate". "Little girls!" You would think that I was eight instead of twelve and knowing my sister was a-courting. Soon however, we tired of watching the men and boys glide over the shining ice, so Father took us home in his sleigh.

At home the smell of baking tarts and ham met us at the door. Our heavy oak table sagged under the weight of the goodies set out for our guests. Elizabeth, in her best dress, stood tying the bow of her crisp white apron. Her auburn hair gleamed in the lamplight, and her cheeks were rosy with excitement. Her dress was indigo blue wool, and looked just lovely. Mother and she made it last autumn. They spun the thread and wove the cloth and dyed it with some lumps of indigo dye that Mother brought from London in 1848. Elizabeth looked very lovely with her long, full skirt and tiny waist, as she carved the huge smoked ham on the table. I wish Mr. McLeod had been there, for it was very domesticated.

At last, when all was ready, we heard sleigh bells jingling, and shouts of laughter, and knew that at last the boys and Mr. McLeod had come. The door burst open, and they all tumbled in, with rosy cheeks, and snowy boots. Mr. McLeod came in last, and he stopped short when he saw Elizabeth. She pretended to be busy with some tarts in the oven, but her face was redder than oven-heat could make it. I wish so hard that she would go over to him and speak, and then they would not be fighting any more. She did not go to him, but instead she hung up the boys' jackets and caps, and he put another log on the fire.

Throughout the party, it was like that. They ignored each other completely without really showing that they were doing so. I saw Mother look at Father and he just shrugged his shoulders sadly. At last everyone began to leave, until only Mr.



McLeod remained. Mother and Father went into their room, and I climbed the ladder and lay on the floor of the loft. From there I could see pretty well but the logs in the fire crackled so loudly that I could not hear what was said.

Elizabeth stood by the table with her back to Mr. McLeod. Slowly he walked over to her and put his hands on her shoulders. He spoke to her, and she turned around, her face aglow, laughing and crying at the same time. Then she was in his arms. I was so happy that I put my head in my arms and cried. When I looked up Elizabeth had her golden, wool cape about her shoulders, and Robert was ushering her out of the door.

I wondered where they had gone, and I waited there on the floor, for their return. The loft is cold. I became tired and stiff with waiting, and finally went to bed.

I awoke with Elizabeth laughing and shaking me. The sun shone through the window and turned her hair to gold. Her eyes sparkled as she raised her head, and showed me the shining gold wedding band. She and Robert had gone in his sleigh to Toronto, and they were married. She was blushing and starry-eyed, and I was so glad that she was happy.

So you see, Katherine, I have had a very exciting few days. Now my school-master is my brother and my sister is Mistress William Robert McLeod, a school-master's wife. I shall write to you again soon, and tell you more of Canada, this wonderful land, but to-day I am too excited.

Your affectionate friend,

Molly.

P.S. Mr. McLeod says that he supposes a school-master can afford to study law and support a wife—especially if she is as pretty as Elizabeth. He says only an idiot would stay single.

PAT RIDDELL

## WOLVES

The snow lies over all :  
in the far distance  
A shrill piercing call:  
The wolves.

Out of the quiet night  
The eerie cries come forth  
Echoing to far distant lights:  
The wolves.

M. MUNRO

## THE TRAIN

A mournful sound,  
A dim light shone,  
A whoshing passed,  
And then was gone:  
And so was home.

E. WESTHEUSER

# Initiation Day



Found by a Form-Teacher

Our Classroom,  
O.L.C.

Dear Parents,

We want to tell you about Initiation Day which was on Friday.

After school, we ran to the Bulletin Board to see the order the Head Girl had posted there. Jane Carruthers said that all the new girls were to wear a slip over a gym. top, and a full skirt put on topsy-turvy and gathered at the waist, with a belt to hold it. We were to have lipstick on our hands, a nylon stocking over our heads, a nylon sock on one foot, with a rubber over it and a sock with a paper bag over it, on the other. You can imagine how funny it looked.

The old girls felt very mighty when the new girls had to bow down four times to each of them. Our poor knees! They were so dirty! The tasks included shining shoes, dusting Main Hall stairs with one piece of Kleenex and counting the squares on the side-walk. Some had to find pine cones for the fireplace, and some had to wash Dr. Osborne's car. At the end, everyone had to bunny-hop all the way down to the school gates and back.

We changed for dinner and went into the dining-room as usual but we had to eat with the left hand in square motion and drink milk or water with a spoon. I do not think that I had much dinner that night. I did not have much sleep either, because I was so excited. We could not talk or smile and if we did, we heard that we should have to pay a forfeit. Everyone else in the dining-room laughed so much. Miss Carter laughed too. It was really a nice event.

With love from,

The Elementaries

# *The Elementaries*



## **In Swimming**

### **ON THE SPRING BOARD:**

Mary Jane Wilson, Richmond Hill  
—With grown-up ways, yet very small.

Victoria Grosart, Pickering  
—Healthy and happy.

Geraldine Grosart, Pickering  
—Always has Honours and never worries.

Susan Read, Whitby—Quiet and shy, with a twinkle in her eye.

Elizabeth McLeod  
—Young and full of fun.

Barclay-Jane Gray  
—Smart and sweet as honey.

Debbie Bennet, Oshawa  
—Small but mighty.

### **RIGHT SIDE OF POOL:**

Sandra Robson, Oshawa  
—A kind friend.

Helen Haakmeester, Bogota, Columbia  
—Pert and pretty.

Barbara Robson, Oshawa—Our happy day-girl.

### **IN THE WATER:**

Linda Lazarus, Honduras  
—Always tops.

Elayne Barlow, Toronto  
—Always trying her hardest.

Diane Robins, Toronto  
—A tease who is always at hand

Elizabeth Newman,  
—As long in growth, as good in brain.

### **ABSENT:**

Ronalda Haakmeester, Bogota, Colombia  
—A nice school-mate.

Melitta Horvath, Venezuela  
—Kind, patient and full of fun.

President	-	-	-	-	Pamela Earle
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	Diana Lazarus
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Pamela Perry



# *“Golden Opinions from all Sorts of People”*



## GRADES VII and VIII

### In the Sewing Room:

#### FRONT ROW:

Judith Cox, Welland  
—Small and very sprightly.

Diana Lazarus, Honduras  
—Always for Farewell.

#### BACK ROW:

Pamela Earle, Whitby  
—Fun-loving but very studious.

Elizabeth Carty, Toronto  
—Playful but sensible.

Jennifer Monro, Port Credit  
—for art — housepoints in succession.

Pamela Perry, Oshawa  
—the jolly type, dislikes to fight.

Mrs. MacIntyre

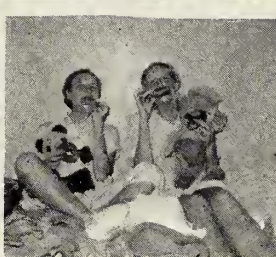
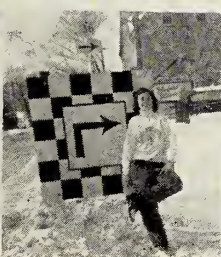
Louise Saxton, Whitby  
—Quiet and cheerful.

Judith Bittner, Toronto  
—Fun-loving but serious.

Patricia Gloyne, Kingston  
—An interesting friend.

Nora Fleming, Whitby  
—The school's good neighbour.

Judith Arnup, Toronto  
—Smart and good-natured.





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## *When the Contractors Came*

One morning I sat bolt upright in bed! This may not seem particularly peculiar, but nevertheless it was. You see it isn't exactly a custom or tradition that induces me to sit up of my own accord at six o'clock in the morning. I happen to be one of those persons that arises only upon being threatened or bullied at great length, and even with that, the process is painful.

I yawned, blinked, stretched, made several loud groaning noises, and lay down again, deciding that I had had a bad dream. It must have been the same old dream about being demoted to grade one, and with that comforting thought I closed my eyes.

The second time was worse than the first. I not only sat up in bed, but left it far behind, rising gracelessly into the air. Who on earth was making those nerve-racking noises outside my window? Maybe it was the teachers petitioning — but why so early? My curiosity winning over my laziness, I stumbled quietly over my two sleeping room-mates before I realized that they were already at the window, gazing out into the cold and murky morning. While my eyes were focussing, I managed to yawn an "inspired" good-morning, and received the same "inspired" answer from two very tousled heads that always seem to look alike at that time in the morning.

By this time our eyes had caught sight of a long line of trucks stationed outside the window, and our mouths opened and shut in two-four time. Now I am not the type that panics easily, but it took all the restraint I could muster to keep from calling "Fire". After overcoming our surprise at seeing the trucks, we noticed signs of life. In fact, the signs seemed to the large "Economy" size. Men with towering frames were lifting large boulders from a pit, and heaving them into a truck, drawn up beside the hole for convenience sake. Every few minutes one of the boulders would land smack on top of another boulder and produce a deafening noise. *So these were the culprits!*

J. OLMSTED





# Poetry



In medieval days, gallant squires wooed their ladies and won their favour by composing long poems in their honour and by serenading them in the moonlight. Throughout the Elizabethan, the Classical and the Romantic periods, the beauty and grace of a poem was recognised by society as a refinement which it could not do without. Since the Industrial Revolution has gathered momentum, all but a few have forgotten or disregarded the desire of the human being to express his feelings through the medium of words.

When Mr. Wilson MacDonald put foot across the threshold of our Alma Mater, he brought with him a whole new world of ineffable and profound beauty. For most of the girls, there was revealed that night an entirely different and new meaning in poetry. We were given an experience which was deeply felt and greatly appreciated. Rare inspiration and beautiful thoughts, brought forth in verse and imbued with the warm expressiveness and the deep-lying sense of humour of the poet himself made an evening long to be remembered by the students of the College.

One outstanding characteristic among the many that are his shines brightly whenever the occasion arises. It is Mr. MacDonald's infinite love of little children. He has written of their innocence and sweetness and of the pleasure he has found in their company. None of us will ever forget that touching story of "Wisp A Wee" or the excellent reading that the poet gave of it.

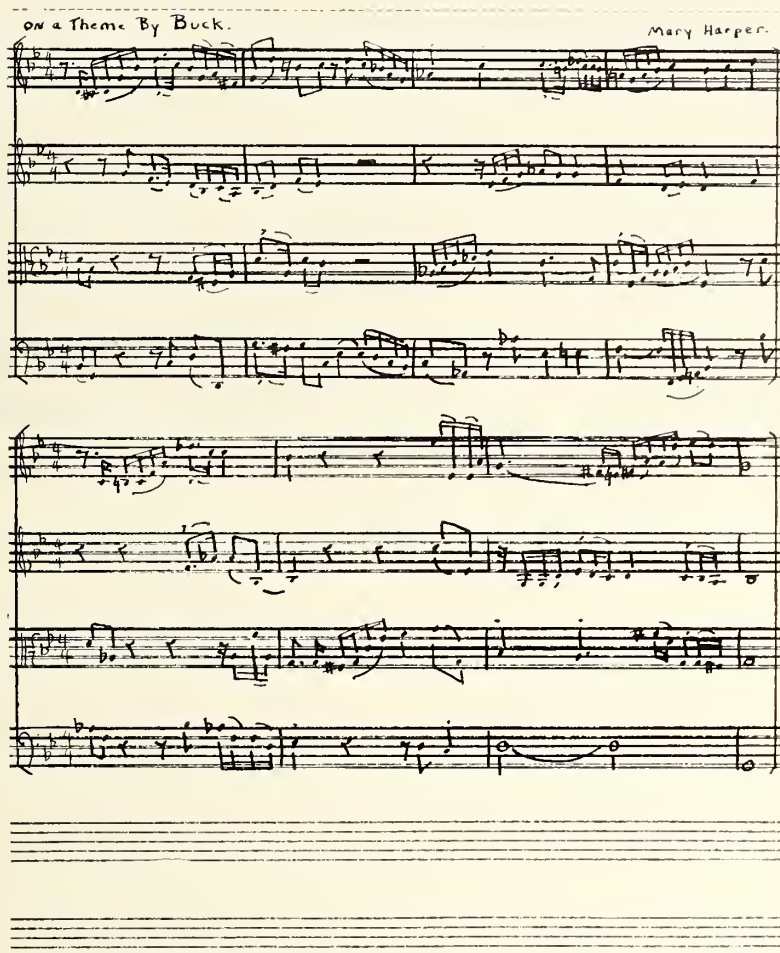
A poem, having a lyrical quality, is like a song and without a song in our hearts, how empty life would seem. So it is without a poem.

We, the students of O.L.C., wish to express our thanks and gratitude for being given this new insight into poetry and we salute the name of Wilson MacDonald in a song of better understanding.

CAROL ROBINS



# Music



The College has always offered a rich and varied life to those who love music and this year has been no exception. Once again we have enjoyed the series of concerts brought to us by the Canadian Concert Association of Whitby. The visits of Klemi Hamburg and later of Barbara King were further occasions of great pleasure to us and last but certainly not least, we were proud of the eagerly awaited and much appreciated recital given by Miss Vance in aid of the Chapel Fund. Even as we write, enthusiasm is high as Okticlos prepares to give us a concert in which all performances will be by students of the Department.

# Okticlos

This club, which was founded by Mr. Atkinson, has continued to meet each month. In his farewell speech at the dinner which was given in honour of his forty-four years of service to the College, by the Board of Directors, Mr. Atkinson said that after so many years, it was very hard to say goodbye, but he would feel even worse about it than he did were it not for the fact that he was leaving us to the care of someone who was so able and who was such a friend as was Mr. Gordon Hallett.

Mr. Atkinson was right.

Mr. Hallett, himself a distinguished concert pianist and member of the faculty of the Senior School of the Royal Conservatory of Music, has indeed been an inspiring successor. As a teacher, his patience and mastery of psychology have aided us in so many different situations. His descriptive terms: "more broody", "holus bolus" and "so many peas in a pod" have helped us immeasurably with the feeling and mood of our pieces while others like "animated alligators" and "Peter Piper" have brought humour as well as improvement in rhythm and time. Under his direction, Okticlos meetings have been permeated with an air of informality because of his genuine interest and friendliness, to say nothing of his gifts as a Master of Ceremonies.

Students have been keen. So many have performed and stood the test of the constructive criticisms made by the seniors. Before the meetings, there is usually a wild rush to practice rooms where may be heard in unison the tick, tick, tick of metronomes and the sound of furious rehearsal. At the time of performance, it is amazing to recall this—the results are astonishing. But at any time, interest in music is such that spontaneous gatherings spring up everywhere at any time of the day. In these, Miss Vance is ringleader and her pleasing personality is something that we could not do without.

The club's February meeting was a special one. Mr. Ralph Peters, one of Mr. Hallett's artist students from the Toronto Conservatory, made our February meeting a very special one. He delighted us with Listz's Hungarian Fantasia while Mr. Hallett supplied, on piano, the orchestral accompaniment. Variety was given to this meeting by several renditions by organ students.

Our music talents have not been unappreciated away from O.L.C. either, for from time to time a student has played at Alumni gatherings, attended Home and School meetings as a performer and sung at Church services.

We now have four A.R.C.T. students who come to us from as far away as Penticton, B.C. and South Hadley, Massachusetts, U.S.A., and to borrow a phrase which the Rev. W. J. Johnston gave us in his farewell speech to Mr. Atkinson, we look forward to their winning shortly a "pat on the back" for their examination work . . .

The Editor interrupts me.

"Speaking of examinations," says she under whose watchful eye and at the prodding of whose painful pencil this article is being written, "why no mention of those which the students of a certain Day Girl, referred to elsewhere in this publication, passed not so long ago? Or of the teaching practice she has built up in Whitby? Better—modesty need find no place in the records of the achievements of this Society."

JOANNE STROWGER,

President of Okticlos

## *Dr. Osborne's Choir*



Dole pineapple juice! Clear tea! Orange juice!

We were persuaded to at least one of them before each performance. We sang, usually only to the accompaniment of nervously rattling bones. Yet apparently we were successful in camouflaging the state of affairs under the Cheshire grins prompted by Dr. Osborne's keen sense of humour.

Though not a complete account, we hasten to add, of the day when we went to Peterborough, these details will long remain in our memories. Long too will remain the satisfaction we felt when we sang in the evening Service at Trinity Church and when afterwards, in the Church Hall, we gladdened a wonderful audience with a special recital. This included selections of a more secular kind and variety was brought to it by the rendering of three Gilbert and Sullivan songs by Miss Vance and by a piano-forte solo by Mary Harper.

On the same day, we sang during Morning Service at Lakefield United Church, where Dr. Osborne has been preaching regularly, and afterwards were invited to the homes of various members of the church for dinner. The visit stands out, perhaps in different ways: the Service, the scenic drives, new acquaintances, scrumptious meals and a tour of the points of interest in Peterborough.

These performances were the realisation of much preparation — we practised when fed, when hungry, when tired and when wide awake, but we never failed to enjoy every minute of those hard-working hours.

It was certainly a red-letter day but it was not the only one when the Choir had the privilege of performing in public. We also sang at the annual Christmas Festival at the College, over the radio in Oshawa, and at Northminster United Church in Oshawa, where we had the moral support of the whole school.

The Choir has never failed to be a source of intense pleasure for each one of us, and should you be chosen to be in it next year, I guarantee that you too will love every minute of it.

MARY HARPER,  
President of the Choir

## *Student Christian Movement Bazaar*

Only fifteen cents . . . What could she buy? She would have liked to have tried the Parcel Post, but she was at the end of the line and the parcels would all be gone by the time she squeezed through. Besides, she did not have enough money. The fish-pond? There was an idea. Just think, for fifteen cents she could have three tries for something really good. What did it matter that the A.A. President had donated about twenty no-good pens to the fish-pond? At least one of those would be a souvenir. But no, her fifteen cents would be well spent on something lasting.

She wandered, big eyes glowing at the piles of aprons, mitts, pennants, Christmas decorations, and the cutest little beanies she had ever seen. How her heart longed to own one of those stuffed animals, or even a little china dog would be nice. Her mouth watered at all the bake-goods, candy and hot-dogs. Then firm resolution stamped down hard, for how long would a hot-dog last? She breathed deeply and moved on. So distraught was she that she walked right past the fortune-telling sign and all but missed her goal.

"Only fifteen cents," splashed the face of a big red sign. She could see that the product had lasting qualities. She bought it on the spot, and carried the little goldfish upstairs to make a glass its home.

JANE KINCAID





*Accounts, Blue-bills, Banking, Stencils—  
just a few of the smaller things they do*

*The Bursar and  
School Secretary*



**Student Christian Movement**

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE 1955-56

INCOME	\$	\$
Balance — September 1, 1955 .....	133.32	
Weekly Chapel Collections .....	130.99	
Bazaar .....	491.55	
		755.86
EXPENDITURE		
Weekly Chapel Expenses (travelling, films, etc.) .....	28.05	
Christmas Party — Fairview Lodge .....	17.21	
Bazaar Expenses .....	62.45	
Donations — Chapel Fund, C.A.R.E., Salvation Army, C.N.I.B., Whitby W.M.S., T.B. Fund, Canadian Cancer Fund .....	290.00	
		397.71
Balance on Hand .....		358.15

**Thanks . . .**

The S.C.M. would like to thank all those who helped to make the Bazaar the splendid success that it was and in particular to express its sincere appreciation of all the work and effort put in by the S.C.M. Faculty Advisor, Miss R. McDowell.

MOLLIE MILLAR, President, S.C.M.

# *Hallowe'en*

## **Trick . . .**

The long, gray line formed silently. From the basement they marched, single file. Cold chills ran down their spines and younger ones fled in fright.

Up they advanced to Main Hall. The lights went out. Someone screamed. Hearts dropped with a mighty thud. The line gained momentum and reinforcements with each step.

"To the top! To the top!" was the cry, whispered down the row. A carpet fell by the wayside. A chair sat, end up.

Another flight of stairs became platform for the upgoing burden of gliding shadows.

A muttered "Shush!" Someone was coming.

"Duck!" The shadows were of stone. The danger passed.

Round the bend. Up some stairs. Another conspirator was added. The goal was closer. Should they go on? The penalty would be — utter horror!

A face appeared, to vanish, dumfounded at the nerve of what was happening.

The line advanced. It was too late to go back.

There they were! The tower stairs! Up they filed. A single door was their only barrier to freedom, glory, purpose. It was not locked. Hearts lifted. Out, out, into the cool night air vanished the long, gray line. A flash of white. A muttered cheer. The deed had been done.

## **Treat . . .**

It was dinner time and the night of our Hallowe'en Party. Tables were adorned with fascinating decorations. I noticed a couple of grave-yards and a merry-go-round amongst other pieces. They were judged by visitors from outside, here for dinner.

At the sound of the bell at seven o'clock, the gym. became a masquerade floor. The Grand March showed off costumes of all kinds. Amongst the crowd, I noticed farmers, clowns, nursery characters, and Dragnet. It was unusual not to find the Seniors in costume.

The prizes went to Mary Jane Read, an ape; Mary Jane Wilson, a farmer; and Barbara Talbot and Mary Bryans as Dick Whittington and his cat.

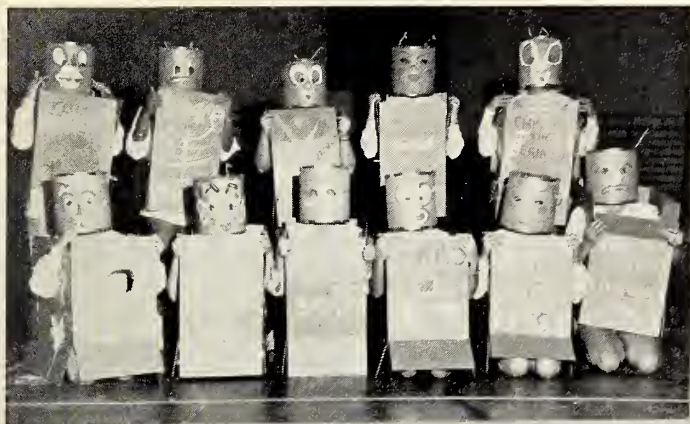
Miss Smith lent her able assistance in some relays which were very popular.

Suddenly the room darkened and we were told that we were about to see the first men from another planet to land on earth. In they trooped, all seventeen of them! (There are seventeen Seniors this year.) The strange thing was that I seemed to recognise some of those shapely legs beneath the painted Weston's boxes.

Amid much laughing and talking, Mrs. Bradley wheeled in a welcome sight. Push! It consisted of punch, cookies, ice-cream bars and apples. After all you need good refreshments to ward off the Hallowe'en ghosts and witches.

S. GOULSTON







The weather and setting were beautiful for the preliminaries for Field Day. The girls began the programme full of House and School spirit and everyone joined in the events which make up the success of such a day. Then the sky filled with dark clouds and we were compelled to retreat to the school for the remainder of the morning. By noon, the weather clearing, we continued. So many competitors seemed to be doing so well that it was hard

to prophesy a final winner but House points eventually proved that Pat Atkinson, Ruby Smith, Heather Munro and Louise Saxton headed their respective age groups.



As Fall came, we saw the girls making for the baseball field. Inter-form games were tense, exciting and humorous. South paws, right handers, short and tall: all added to the fun. In the House games, Farewell House, with a fabulous team, came out on top.

Days growing colder, we were drawn indoors to continue our sports in the Volleyball line. Shouts could be heard in the hall: "Maxwell and Hare down in the gym. for practice" and away we would go, brimming with House spirit. Inter-House and Form Volleyball were extremely well done and again in the House games, Farewell House came top. From contests with other schools, we always came back with one winning team if not two. The College won over Whitby and Pickering High Schools and looks forward to as good a year in '57.



With winter upon us, the basketball teams came into full swing. The many practices proved their value when we went to other schools: Whitby, Pickering and Oshawa High Schools and also Havergal College were given close, keen competition. At half time those orange slices were made the pauses that refreshed and were usually gone in an instant. Above all, inter-house basketball will always be remembered by the girls. When these were played, hair, bones, clothing and casualties could be seen everywhere. And out of all the games played among Maxwell, Hare and Farewell, victorious Farewell came out on top again.

Spring has soon approached and with this happy season, tumbling and May Day marching. From morn to night we have seen the straight figures of the marchers making their way around the school grounds. But no matter where they are or how perfect the line, when the tower bell goes, the ranks are broken. To-morrow they will take up where they left off, even if it rains.

The Swimming Meet aroused a great amount of enthusiasm among the students. The Elementaries had their share in the first week of April and the older students theirs in the second. There are many talented swimmers at the College and a good pool also, in which to show their ability. Keep up the good pace!

Ahead is May Day. Miss Smith's drive and excellent training, coupled with the steady, cheerful leadership of our A.A. President make us look forward to the occasion as a fine climax of our work this year. Please, clerk of the weather, send us a fine day!



SHARON LONG,  
Sports Editor



*“A combination, and a form, indeed”*



## Backstage



P. Linsell, B. Southern, P. Perry, E. Westheuser, G. White, P. Earle, M. Bird, L. Kelsie,  
F. Swan, R. McCleary, S. Long, E. Sunter, T. L. Sanders, A. Mazzoleni

December the tenth! Every time that a member of the cast of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" looked at the calendar, that date seemed to be approaching at fearful speed. Everywhere one went in the halls, one was sure to see somebody holding that familiar red book, learning lines or muttering them to the world in general.

Rehearsals were held in the Concert Hall every Wednesday at noon, after school and after dinner and also on the last two Saturday afternoons. It was very seldom that we had everybody concerned, together, owing to volleyball practices, illness and a host of other misfortunes which are the fate of all players but luckily, everyone appeared on the day. On the Wednesday evening before the play, the cast were informed that there would be no Study Hall for them and so everyone found out a private corner in the Concert Hall and tried to get some homework done. The rehearsal proceeded quite slowly. I know that every time I reached a crucial part in my mathematics problem, someone would call: "Demetrius! On stage!" and I would have to forsake my work, run up on to the stage, say my lines, run off and finish the question.

Dress rehearsal was the greatest fun and had all the glamour which comes with having everyone in costume for the first time. We laughed and giggled but were cured of it, I suppose, for no one giggled during the real performance.

And so Saturday night came! I do not know about anyone else but I at least could not understand that this was *it*. I do not think that any of us realised it until it was all over. For my part, I could not have told you that an audience existed (apart from sounds of laughter and clapping) for I was unable to see beyond the footlights. We who formed the audience of the play within a play, "Pyramus and Thisby", enjoyed it as much as, if not more than, the real audience, and this was especially true of the Prologue.

After curtain calls, there were pictures and more pictures. We had no trouble smiling, because just as the photograph was taken someone would make a joke and everyone would be convulsed with laughter. We retreated happily into the Cottage where Mrs. Osborne, with never-failing thoughtfulness was a most generous hostess to us and the many parents and friends who had travelled so far to see our play.

Our heartfelt thanks go to Mrs. Aymong for all her help and patience. We really appreciate all her hard work, the time and skill which she put into the production and the beautiful costumes which she obtained for us.

PATRICIA EARLE



# Christmas

What a wonderful time it was for us all! Class parties and visits from Santa Claus (Miss Sinclair), the Christmas Dinner with its little red place cards, bigger red programmes, Yule candle, candlelighters, Boar's Head Procession, turkey and carols. The renown of the College Festival is spreading and this year, more visitors than ever sat at the guest tables.

Santa must have been a little careless with his correspondence for the following have fallen into our hands:

Dear Sir,

I really need a special type of musical instrument in order that I may continue living at all. This instrument is very rare, I am told. It mends socks, prepares meals, cleans house and plays soft music during dinner. I am not sure of the name of this special instrument, but I have seen it advertised in all leading magazines.

Sincerely, G. HALLETT

Dear St. Nicholas,

Though it is not the practice of the United Church clergy to invoke the aid of saints, I feel that in this case, I am justified.

As you know, we are attempting to build a new Chapel here. People have been donating most generously but we still have a long way to go.

Now I know you want to help in this noble work so when you come to my stocking, the maroon diamond one, you will find a well-filled fountain-pen and a cheque book. All you have to do is to sign on the bottom line (I'll mark the place with an "X"). Then merely tuck the cheque in the toe of the sock.

Just remember—"It is more blessed to give . . ." But forgive me, I forgot—you are already a saint and must know these things.

Yours most sincerely, and humbly,  
STANLEY OSBORNE

Thank you, Dr. and Mrs. Osborne, Miss Carter, Miss Sinclair and the Class Committees for all that you did to create the happiness of this season.

THE FACULTY



## *Let Me Go (Lover)*

Mr. Murgatroyd was no ordinary man. As a matter of fact, he was very extraordinary. His height was average; his weight was average; his mental capacity was average, and his income was average. It was his marriage to Mrs. Murgatroyd that gave him his originality. Strange, you say, but you do not know Mrs. Murgatroyd.

It is difficult to determine who was the hero, or heroine as the case may be, of this story. However, I shall continue, and you may draw your own conclusions.

It all started the day that Murdock Murgatroyd returned from his work as assistant to the Assistant Accountant at the district bank to find his strapping brute of a wife, Millicent, barring his way at the front door.

"Where have you been?" The voice bellowed into the clear evening air.

"Why, dear, I forgot about the groceries you asked me to buy and I had to go all the way back for them," came the weak reply.

"A likely excuse," she roared, taking the parcel from Murdock's shaking arms. "Well, hurry up, so that I can start supper — and close the door — and wipe your feet."

"And on and on and on," Mr. Murgatroyd thought to himself.

The truth of the matter was that there had been a mix-up at the bank. Some money was missing and all employees had been warned not to breathe a word of it, even to their families, especially since an incident like this could ruin the manager's reputation. Wilkes, a sly, quick-thinking teller, was under suspicion. The manager was hoping for a confession shortly and the newspapers would be none the wiser.

That evening passed without incident except for Millicent's continual nagging about Murdock's feet on the footstool, and head on her good lace doilies on the chair. What were they for, if not for his feet and head, he would ask himself. But never did he protest aloud.

The next day at the bank proved to be quite exciting. At least it seemed so to Murdock Murgatroyd. None of the regular work was done and most of the morning and afternoon was spent eyeing Mr. Wilkes, suspiciously. Still he did not come forth with the awaited confession.

Walking home, as usual (Millicent considered it a waste of money to take the bus a mere three miles), Mr. Murgatroyd entertained himself with the picture of Millicent's face when she found out that he had kept the little secret so long. Then he shuddered. She might throw him out.



These thoughts brought him to his front door. Then he received the surprise of his life. The first thing he saw when he opened the door was the evening newspaper, with the words, "Inside Job at Cloverdale Bank", underlined by his wife's finger.

"So!" she screeched, "This is what you were trying to hide last night. This is why you were late! You stole the money to start up your model railroad again, didn't you? It was the luckiest day of your life when I sold that thing."

Mr. Murgatroyd fainted.

He awoke to find his wife standing over him with an empty water glass. His face and hair were soaking wet and the cold water was running down his neck.

"I didn't take the money, dear. Please believe me!"

"Don't try to cover up. I'm going down right now to tell the manager the truth. You can make up the money out of your salary. It's all for your own good and someday you'll thank me for this."

When she had gone, Murdock sat on the edge of the couch and stared into space. How much more could he take? This was too much.

Then the telephone rang. It was Fred, the office boy who ate lunch with him. The news that Wilkes had confessed was enough to bring realization to Mr. Murgatroyd. The voice droned on but Murdock was already busy, putting to work his new-found courage. At last he would do what he had wanted to do for so many years.

An hour later when Mrs. Murgatroyd arrived home ready to vent her humiliation on him, she found the house empty. She screamed into every room but still no Murdock.

Meanwhile, the new Murdock, full of courage, was walking swiftly away from the house, which had been his home for so long. His heart thumped against his chest and his hands shook, but he was determined.

Late that night, a knock on the Murgatroyd door brought the still seeking Millicent out of a not-so-sound sleep. As the door opened, a flood of moonlight fell on a man who was standing at the door, holding a round canvas bag.

Then the silent night air was filled with a piercing shriek as Millicent Murgatroyd came to the sudden realization that——MURDOCK HAD GONE BOWLING WITHOUT HER PERMISSION.

MARLENE STANTON



*Lower  
Ryerson was  
sick this day*

## *Upper Ryerson*

It's different! As a genuine thoroughbred Irishman would say: "Faith, man, this renowned Upper Ryerson is the Hall of Halls".

It was the night of the twenty-sixth day of January, nineteen hundred and fifty six, when I made a preliminary visit to my new room, having first ploughed my own furrows, grooves and ridges through the trickle of water which to my certain knowledge had been accidentally spilt on the floor. Going down this narrow hall, which consists of nine cozy rooms (forgive me, Miss Sinclair), I found myself in collision with a large blue-eyed girl. Her hair was of a dark, dusky colour, somewhat inclining to redness, and yes, there was even that characteristic pertaining to elves; a dimple in her chin. Scarcely had I recited my hellos to this mischievous imp than I was hurled into the process of learning ju-jitsu. It is greatly distressing, believe me, to find that you can evolve the idea in your mind: "I'm three years older than this elephant", but can only defend yourself with high-sounding cries of: "Help, Mum. Please help, Mum".

Punctually next morning, on the dot of our faithful eight-thirty bell, my elephant friend appeared at the top of Upper Fran. I, having no intention of going over to Upper Ryerson for at least fifteen minutes, inclined to stop to have a little chit-chat concerning the world situation in East Pakistan, our mink ranches and dynamite. My elephant friend, had very different notions. I was going over now, not ten or even fifteen sixtieths of a minute later. Hauling me along lengthwise, as though I were her next door friend's lovable, black and white panda with the miniature black nose, we proceeded through the practice rooms. Ah me! Frail, brittle and feeble as I am in relation to my elephant friend, I, having no other alternative but to be that frolicsome panda, was tugged along. Alas, I asked myself, how, in Ryerson's name, could you live every twenty-four hours without her. Why, since then, on Sunday afternoons she has repeatedly come into my room straightaway after the Sunday afternoon siesta (never before, of course) to visit with me and debate Brockville "acquaintances".

One cold, blustery, obscure afternoon, my elephant friend entered my room to find a crook of blankets presenting itself to her gaze. Conscious of the fact that I was close

to that degree of cold at which water freezes, my elephant friend most kindly turned on my radiator, ran and brought me not one, but three fleecy, woolly-bear blankets, filled my hot-water bottle and bundled me up snugly for the afternoon. Except on Upper Ryerson have you ever heard tell of such an extraordinary and wonderful elephant?

And did you know that Upper Ryerson is also the proud possessor of one of the most celebrated stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company? She may be heard daily rendering the Hallelujah chorus, and is only deprived of an audience when we must listen to the strains of: "Sulphur plus oxygen gives sulphur dioxide" or to those of a more advanced nature: "Magnesium oxide plus hydrochloric acid gives magnesium chloride and water".

Upper Ryerson, in addition to having one elephant, eight lovable monkeys and a Metropolitan Opera Star also possesses six additional animals, comprising Terry, David, Kolo, Mike, Joko and Ludger. The names, it is true are male but unfortunately their owners are only fashioned of cotton batting and fibrous substances.

Upper Ryerson also has a wonderful Housemother. "Mum" has really been as a Mother to us all. Every once in a while she may be seen carrying doughnuts, eclairs and chocolate to all her cherubs. "Mum" is "tops".

Yes, Upper Ryerson is where my chattels belong, where our Opera singer belongs, where eight cotton batting animals belong and where "Mum" belongs: but is likewise where my heart belongs.

ANNE ROBERTSON

MUM AND HER FRIENDS

HOUSEMOTHERS





# Home, the Nursery of the Infinite

## One Saturday Night



On *Lower Fran* at half past nine  
When no-one thinks of precious time,  
A stream of 'kids' pour down the hall  
And they prepare to have a ball.

There's forty girls to seven sinks  
All fighting over towels and drinks,  
With spilling tubes and steam galore  
As flying toothpaste hits the floor.

It's ten to ten! There goes the bell,  
And as it does we hear a yell,  
A muffled scream, a shout, a call,  
As we go tearing down the hall.

With beds to clear and hair to set,  
And apple juice and snacks to get,  
It's ten o'clock, out goes the light,  
And Mrs. Bird bids us good-night.

The school is dark, the hall is bare.  
All is still but the rockin' chair.  
Watchful eyes glance up and down  
And keen ears listen to catch a sound.

We all keep still for this we know,  
If no-one stirs she soon will go.  
Doors creak open and heads peek out,  
Just to make sure she's not about.

When all is safe, in a room we gather.  
What happens now doesn't seem to matter.  
Beds pushed together with thirty on top,  
All stuffing their mouths with Salami and pop.

A familiar step is heard through the brawl,  
And under the beds we quickly crawl.  
The sound of the footsteps is no longer heard,  
Do you think this time we have fooled Mrs. Bird?

J. FABER, S. MOFFATT, K. RANDALL,  
J. SIEVERT, B. YEARLEY

## Diets

Good figures have many at O.L.C.,  
But dieting's in season,  
So "Diets" is the cry arising  
Without a whit of reason.

The first day passes fairly well  
With everyone reformed:  
Desserts without a wistful glance  
Pointedly are scorned.

But when French toast for breakfast comes,  
The odd one breaks away.  
Then ice-cream comes for our dessert  
And few survivors stay.

"I'll cut out everything except—"  
The exception list grows longer,  
And by the time a week has fled  
No will powers are the stronger.

A general weighing then is called  
To count the pounds all shed:  
"O, misery", the dieters moan  
At pounds put on instead.

S. GOULSTON





# Excuse us, please, Mr. Shakespeare

GRADE IX



## BACK ROW:

Mary Hunt, Pickering

—"Laughter for a month."

Pat Devereux, London

—"I am ever merry when I hear sweet music."

Barbara Southern, Colombia

—"In measureless content."

Mary Bryans, Trenton

—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."

Pat Linsell, Venezuela—"In love, i' faith, to very tip of the nose."

## FRONT ROW:

Biffie Lowes, Whitby

—"Slink by and note him"

Pat Frenette, Pickering

—"Up and down, up and down, I will lead them. Up and down"

Ann King, Bermuda

—"Please one and please all."

Heather Munro, Toronto

—"Shall I never see a bachelor or three-score again?"

Inis Saxton, Whitby—"Though last, not least in love."

President	-	-	-	-	Ann King
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	Heather Munro
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Pat Linsell



### FRONT ROW:

Judy Hobbs, Millbrook  
—Hikes, horses and is liked by all.  
Roxanne McCleary, Aurun  
—A barrel of fun.  
Diana Meredith, Toronto  
—Laugh first, worry afterwards.  
Kay Young, Toronto—Vim, vigour and vitality.

Carol McGowan, Suirie, Nicaragua  
—Class President; glowing but quiet.  
Sandra Shaw, Belleville  
—Always a helping hand.  
Carol Ann Parker, Toronto  
—As sympathetic as she is artistic.

### BACK ROW:

Daphne Liddicoat, Niagara-on-the-Lake.  
—Our Blonde Bombshell  
Toby-Lee Sanders, Ottawa  
—A new sparkle in her eyes.  
Ann Chenoweth, Bridgenorth  
—Our blue-eyed sports fan.  
Judy Sommerville, Woodbridge  
—Red hair without the temper.  
Georgina White, Pickering  
—Calm, collected and as neat as a pin.  
Antoinette Porsild, Ottawa  
—Our Yukon encyclopaedia.  
Anne Roach, Toronto  
—Personality and a winning smile.

Betty Thompson, Orangeville  
—Our pianist and a wee bit of Irish.  
Margaret Allen, Cobourg  
—A long stretch of friendliness.  
Ann Wellington, Colombia, S.A.  
—Fun and work combine in her.  
Evelyn Sunter, Seeley's Bay  
—A wonderful example to all.  
Sybil Goulston, Sarnia  
—Whistle while you work.  
Andrea Mazzoleni, Toronto  
—Always a true friend  
Elizabeth Gardner, Cornwall  
—She's off on a cloud of dust.

### ABSENT:

Wendy Greer, Galt—A bubblin' laugh and a Florida tan.

President - - - - Carol McGowan





### FRONT ROW:

Jane Saunders, Colombia  
—Designed the Museum in 136 L. Frances.

Janet Hobbs, Millbrook  
—Proving she's a western music fan.

Vivien Reiskind, Montreal  
—Spends her time counting Jane's crinolines.

Pat Mumford, Creighton Mine (President)  
—Arguing whether the "Wolves" goofed.

Marjorie Noad, Thamesford  
—The one who is all willing, but will not stay off her sprained foot.

Ruth Richardson, Toronto  
—Enjoying a shopping spree at Eaton's.

Jane Lillico, Toronto  
—Showing an interest in horses.

Joyce Pickering, Waterloo  
—Defending the Dutchmen.

### BACK ROW:

Ann McDonald, Toronto  
—Rushing from the office phone to the counter

Jane Bastedo, Marathon (Secretary-Treasurer)  
—"Treasuring" our money.

Mary Campbell, Scarborough  
—Keeping the Gray Coach in business.

Patsy Earle, Whitby  
—Working in the Oshawa library.

Sue Millard, Perth  
—Perfecting her diving form.

Melodie Munro, Toronto  
—Those week-ends home.

Diane Goodman, Whitby  
—Being seen at the show.

Barbara Talbot, Toronto  
—Deciding the question: to wear glasses or not to wear glasses.

Sharon Long, Toronto (Vice-President)  
—Playing "warm" music in the gym.

Anne MacMillan, Florida  
—Her exercise: walking up and down the Maxwell line.

Mary Jane Read, Bobcaygeon  
—Spends her spare time measuring and flickering her eyelashes.

Margaret Bird, Toronto  
—Working for the S.C.M.

Mary Jane Speers, Toronto  
—Proving that education is important.

Jane Yanover, Belleville  
—Advertises—Hotel and Motel in Belleville.

Diane Grey, Ottawa  
—Rooting for her boyfriend.

Marlene Burns, Bermuda  
—Listening to "Hound Dog" play "William".

Janet Ellis, Ottawa—Train trips.

### ABSENT:

Barabara Hall, Toronto  
—Tanning in Florida.

Elaine Westheuser, Gore's Landing  
—Seeing the world with Daddy.



## *Pet Sayings*

### GRADE XII

#### CLOCKWISE

Helen Ferguson, Angola, Africa  
—"I wish I knew my history"

Judy Seivert, Sao Paulo, Brazil (President)  
—"I'm so ———happy"

Roxanne Phelps, St. Catharines  
—"Louie says ———"

Ann Parmley, Peneticton, B.C.  
—"Let's go roller skating——"

Pat Lord, Ottawa  
—"I'm going hairy!"

Shirley Moffatt, Ottawa  
—"Oh, good—ee oh, goodee!"

Hilary Wevill, Ottawa  
—"I haven't a clue."

Doreen Yaxley, Havana, Cuba **BENZNASON**  
—"Cuba, here I come——"

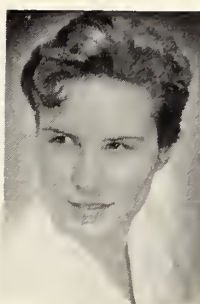
Joan Collacutt, Oshawa (Vice-President)  
—"——but I have just washed my hair!"

Doreen Nourse, Picton  
—"Mrs. Bird, the phone has just rung"

Lucille Kelsie, Toronto  
—"Y-E-S Y-E-S."







## *Pet Sayings*

### GRADE XII

#### CLOCKWISE:

Marlene Stanton, Ottawa

—"Wouldn't you just die!"

Anne Robertson, Ottawa

—"Vaya un muchacho!"

Pat Niznik, Labrieville, Que.

—"Won't somebody fermez la fenetre?"

Kathy Randall, Ottawa

—"Waldo—my boy, Waldo—my boy."

Beth Yearley, Toronto (Secretary-Treasurer)

"Well, well, what have we here——?"

Pat Atkinson, Norwood

—"Come on, Farewell"

Valerie Frenette, Pickering

—"Je me comprends pas."

Margaret Austin, Costa Rica

—"Caramba!"

Carol Robins, Niagara Falls

—"Enough of this nonsense."

Ruby Smith, Harrington Sound, Bermuda

"Dig that crazy platter."

Karen Munro, Toronto

—"Oh, you think so, eh?"

Janet Faber, Sao Paulo, Brazil

—"You'll just have to help me get organized—"

Miss March

—"All right, girls!"

ALMA



JOHNSTONE



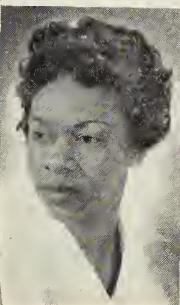
FRENETTE



CAMPBELL



RIDGELY



# *A.A. Dance*

Date : Sunday, February 19, 1956.  
Time : Twelve hours after the dance.  
Place : Cloud 99  
Recorded by : Jane Carruthers.

## Details :

We left our academic world shortly after eight o'clock last night and entered an atmosphere of soft lights, bouffant dresses and beautiful flowers, the occasion being our annual At Home. Throughout the next hour, handsome escorts arrived with corsage boxes under their arms. Nervously excited girls floated down the Great Staircase to them and together they passed into a world of happiness and gaiety, our Cloud No. 99.

It was not long until we realised that our friends were there too, to receive us and to chat with us about Pat Riddell's fascinating decorations. Red and white streamers rippled above our heads and in between dances, we admired the large murals, all suggesting the Valentine theme. We waltzed, and full skirts of filmy net swished by as we danced to the music of the Billy Lea Quintet.

An exciting moment came when our retiring Queen, Pat Atkinson, placed a crown of carnations and hyacinths on the head of smiling Frances Swan. Frances' escort enjoyed his new title of "King" as he sat happily on his throne beside the Queen.

After the intermission, party hats were put on and everybody caught balloons as they floated down from the ceiling.

At midnight, the aroma of hot coffee and sandwiches lured us into the Common Room for a light supper. Carrying our plates of cakes and cookies and nibbling on pickles and carrot sticks, we wandered around the school, peeked in at couples gathered around the Hi-Fi set and then on down through our Halls of Learning.

All too soon, the evening came to an end. Our escorts left us, one by one, with a smile, a kiss and a wave. We remained with our flowers, our souvenirs of decorations and our happy memories of the evening. We are still up on our cloud, talking about our 1956 At Home. We shall stay up on our cloud as long as we can: at least until the first class in the morning.

JANE CARRUTHERS.









## Nibblings

It is many years since my family pioneered the first mouse-hole in the walls of the College. It was a good choice of home, for the girls have always been generous in the crumbs they dropped. Although we frequent all the Halls, and do not overlook the Teachers' Room, Main Hall has always been our favourite — central, I suppose — and this year, 1956, has been no exception for Main has also been the home of the girl who puts together that book the students make. Poor girl! She has had to write so much that she needed something to keep up her weight and I have always found the last cheese slices more than she or I could manage. The rest has come in handy for tracing out my "Nibblings". We mice never know when "Chat" will come upon us and we do try to leave a few lines for the next generation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Note to Mighty, my son.

Be sure, when you leave the Teachers' Room and run along the wall down to the round table that you avoid the last two rooms. The girls do not approve of your being in them and I have found that there is no point in it. The person who lives there is a very nice-living human and always remembers to keep her cookies in a tin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Found myself in the wrong room to-night. I was among turpentine bottles and tubes of paint. On my way out, I accidentally ran across a freshly-painted picture. I can imagine how angry the artist will be when she returns to find that her masterpiece holds my footprint.

\* \* \* \* \*

One girl up here has oodles of food. I enjoy raiding the delicious parcels she brings in on Shopping Days. Expertly (for I have been doing this type of work for years), I sample all the cookies and cakes and . . . . How inconsiderate she can be sometimes though! She puts all her parcels on different shelves. Think of the terrible way my supper is digested.

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke early this evening. The teachers were still at coffee so I furnished my home a little more. It is difficult to get into that chair and draw out small pieces of material from the cushion when they are in there having their evening snack.

\* \* \* \* \*

The week before Easter and I am still without an Easter bonnet. Do girls not use ribbons these days?

I shall never forget to-night. The Easter Bunny visited Main Hall. I was very angry because I have lived on this Hall for at least twenty-five mouse years and up to now I have never been disturbed by any creature. The bunny had Easter eggs all over the hall and every time I was about to nibble at one, some large female hand would reach out and take it from under my nose. However, I was pleased to find that the occupant of one of the rooms was kind enough to leave me candy when she went to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The girls have been away a week now.

I liked those candies so well that I have been eating one each night. Within a week, I have become very thin and now to my amazement, I discover that I must have been eating reducing pills by mistake!

MOUSSE.

(By kind permission of GLORIA GARDNER.)







## *Line Up, Kids!*



On Main Hall stairs it's quiet for Kink  
'Fore breakfast, lunch and dinner.  
She really has the brains to think—  
With A.A. plans we're thinner.

---

Here comes curley, blue-eyed Moll:  
In Chapel sweet and good.  
At long week-ends she looks a doll  
She's helped us all she could.

---

Let's not forget it's Pat Riddell  
Who writes most striking things.  
Without her skill this book would sell  
For nothing but its springs.

---

Last, not least, the one we love,  
Jane, who's head of all.  
With wings around us like a dove  
She helps at every call.

M. J. READ



# Senior Class Prophecy

The door is barred behind my back. I am alone with a strange woman in a room lit only by the glow from the incense. She peers into the eerie substance. Smoke wisps wind round her head. Then a soft chant grows and grows until: "Poof!" They are here. Fourteen shapes appear in the mist. They become gradually distinguishable. I greet them.

Jane Carruthers offers a paint-stained hand. Pat Riddell hangs over her shoulder, thrusting some calloused digits before me. They cannot stay long. Jane has three more television aerials to paint while Pat holds Jane, the ladder and the paint pot. In their spare time, which is once a month, they act as janitors of a pleating company and Hart House.

Mink, blond hair, exotic perfume, a blue poodle and Janis Olmsted. She waves a cheery greeting and teeters on. She always wanted to be a psychiatrist. Now she has her own little office wherein she diagnoses for Whitby and surrounding district. At forty-one, she is a most eligible maid herself.

Speaking of blue poodles, Joan Price has a blossoming concern out at Poodle Hall. It was really just a big estate but Joan converted to kennels and race track. She has two specialties — dyeing poodles, and teaching them a little horse-sense. They entered a race down in Florida last summer and left the hounds so far behind that the rabbit caught up on the second lap.

My genie produces a piano in one corner. Mary Harper jitterbugs her way out of the mist, over to the piano, throws up the top and gives forth a stirring rendition of Bumble Boogie. Apparently she is the assistant to the Assistant Spare Piano Polisher in Spike Jones' band, and plays all her music cool. What happened to silent Bach?

It's my old friend Molly Millar. After many long years of intensive training, she has succeeded in her life's ambition. She is an army nurse up at Camp Borden. Two days ago, she won the Distinguished Flying Cross — for rescuing a stranded paratrooper from a cactus tree — and the first twenty-four hour pass a woman has ever received for out of camp.

Diane Millar flashes a diamond with appropriate wedding circle. They are pretty and they should be. Her husband was only a poor miner. In two more years, he will be out and Diane will no longer have to give lectures at Ryerson on "How to deflate airplane wheels."

Judy Dunning paddles by, followed by a train of little canoes. They tell me that she holds a permanent post as Head Sail-mender at Camp Oconto. For extra-curricular activity, she invents such wonderful things as bottomless waste-paper baskets and aids Sally Merwin in training a precision clean-up squad.

Sally herself has won high honour and distinction as Latin professor at Whitby High School. Only lately she received a gilt-lined copy of "Homes" for the introduction of a new verb: "I dunno, I dun-nare, I dunnavi, I dunnatum."

A spirit of dust, a wild cry of the West, and Wild Joan McLean rides again. The haze flees on either side and her horse's hoofs stamp an impatient tattoo. Ah, but she's happy. Her heart was always in the West and Calgary broncs were never busted better.

A wave, a graceful bow, soft music in the background. Dawn Davis floats to the front. The house lights dim, the music increases in tempo and Dawn opens the show with — a commercial, of course. Ah, and her medical aspirations are not forgotten either. The programme? Medic.

Gloria Gardner steps smartly from the crowd with all the bounce, life, get-up and go of former days. Years ago, she suffered a relapse. Just could not stand being French copy-copier at Coles. But she recovered. Why? They fired her. Her thesis on "Be a Man and Do It Yourself" lost them so many customers. The latest literary limerick sold thousands of doubtful Biology students on "Why a Worm Winds instead of Wends".

Joanne Strowger takes a two-minute break. Besides being a piano teacher, she has begun writing her own music, or, shall we say, re-composing other people's. The Olympic Society acclaims her version of the "Skater's Waltz—Backwards" and as token of its esteem, presented her with a hand-made replica of the Flaming Torch.

The incense burns low. Some figures are already vanishing. The haze swirls upward and into nothing. Frances Swan lingers. I am surprised to see her. I was told that she visited Europe one time too many and the heavy Iron Curtain caught her, peering through. She did dabble in wooden shoes for a time but finally settled, as Heidi did, for her home and husband atop the snowy Alps.

The eerie glow has faded. The woman chants softly, softly, and poof! No one is there. The people are gone. I try the door. Still locked! I walk resignedly to the window and watch the dust blow in the courtyard. I hope they come back.

JANE KINCAID.

## To My Fellow Students and Friends:

Early last May, on a bright afternoon, I was sitting in the Assembly Hall at the election of officers for the coming year. When I looked up, it was to find that I had been elected Head Girl of O.L.C. for 1956. A shiver ran down my back and I, like many a predecessor perhaps, began to ask myself: "What does this mean?"

The true meaning takes time to penetrate and it is not until Opening Day in September that the Head Girl suddenly finds that she is on her own, that last year's Head Girl has gone and that facing her, are over a hundred girls, some of whose names she cannot even remember. They all know her, or so I found, because she is the first one to greet them, show them their rooms and guarantee their parents good care of their daughter.

The initial shock is over and your Head Girl settles down to her duties: Chapel lines and one o'clock announcements. The first day that she stands up bravely to make her announcements, she shakes all over; the second day her hands shake; the third day her voice; until she becomes used to those staring eyes which eventually become people.

The office of Head Girl is, I feel, the hardest position in the school to fill. As President of the Student Council, the Head Girl is the link between the individual classes in the Council; as Head Prefect she is the students' voice in discussions with the Principal and Dean. She is also the person with whom you should be able to talk, whether it be over a problem, some help that you need, a complaint you wish to make or an improvement you would like to suggest. She will always help you and try to make your wishes come true. She will have to scold you; but she will never mean to hurt. Your Head Girl is not perfect, but she must try to live by the standards by which she is trying to have you live.



This is a hard job, but if she is willing to give her time, energy, patience and understanding, at O.L.C. her rewards will be great. She will feel a pride in representing you both within and without the school. She will enjoy the social activities which are a very important part of her work and will learn to spend wisely for you all, the time that she must sometimes take even from study, if she is to fulfill her obligations to you. Her job runs smoothly and the sacrifice is worth while, if she has the help and co-operation of the girls.

Each year, by the Great Staircase, a new name is added to the Head Girls' plaque and a New Head Girl is elected. At O.L.C. the former can always look back over a wonderful year; the latter, we know is asking anew the question each has asked: "What does this mean, being Head Girl?"

JANE CARRUTHERS

# *Alumnae*

Weston, Ontario, March 31st, 1956

Greetings to All Graduates and Former Students of O.L.C.  
from the Alumnae Council :

This has been a busy year for the Executive of the Alumnae Council.

In this year, we have received the first, large bequest of \$16,867.00, in American Funds, from one of our former students, Jessie Lord Ayres, now deceased. This was left to the Alumnae for the purpose of using the interest thereon to establish a yearly scholarship to aid students of the College in the study of Music.

In order to receive this bequest, it was necessary for the Alumnae to become a Registered Corporation. It entailed many meetings and considerable correspondence by the Executive and Mr. Kelso Creighton, our lawyer, before this was effected. Owing to Mr. Creighton's untiring efforts and advice which took a great deal of the time, which might otherwise have been devoted to private practice, we finally received a Government Charter and Seal.

This should be a great stimulus to the life of the College and to ourselves, and we hope that every former student will have an active interest in our Alumnae.

This interest is evidenced by the formation of Chapters. There are two active in Whitby and Oshawa called the Castle Chapters, Senior and Junior; two in Toronto, the Ryerson and Trafalgar, and one in Ottawa called the Ottawa Chapter. We are desirous that every student become a member of a Chapter. To form one in your vicinity requires a membership of ten.

If it is not possible to do this in your neighbourhood, you may become an associate member of one of the Castle Chapter at Whitby by paying an annual fee of one dollar. If there is any help or information which you require, we of the Council Executive will be only too happy to furnish the same to you.

Our best wishes and greetings we send to you all.

Cordially yours,

FREDA G. WRIGHT,

President of the O.L.C. Alumnae



## *From the Principal's Office . . .*

My greetings to every former student of O.L.C. ! This may be the first time you have received a copy of VOX COLLEGIUM since you left our halls. Humble pride in the erection of our Chapel, after six long years of hope, dictates our action in sending you this copy. Certainly the verge of new expansion calls for something more than the prosaic approach of a printed letter.

To date we have received a total of \$54,347 in cash in the Chapel Fund. Since we started to build we have been receiving more than \$1,000 per month. Soon we shall have spent all our Fund and will have to begin financing the remainder. The Board believes this is wise, for no growth ever comes except by going forward in faith. We believe you will all stand by us, send us your annual subscription, and interest other friends in the venture, until every last cent is paid. As long as I am Principal you will be seeing this appeal in writing or hearing it from the platform—I shall not be a bore, I hope !—until I can say, "It is finished !"

I want to pay tribute to you who are so vitally interested in this project and especially the Chapters. You are giving your time, your energy and your money. Some of you have given sacrificially, I am sure. Your reward comes not from me, but from God who will bless you for your gift. May you all feel that blessing.

There are others who are supporting us most liberally—the members of our Board, the parents of our students, and many friends of the College. Their interest has gone far beyond mere advice and counsel. They too must be numbered among our noble band.

1956 has come. If you have not yet sent your annual contribution, will you see that it reaches us within the next month ? We need another \$15,000 by June 1st.

### Memorials

Many of you have been asking for a list of furnishings so that you might choose one to be your personal gift or to be a memorial. I am compiling such a list and hope that you may find many suggestions therein. If one appeals to you, please write me at once.

Chapel Organ	\$16,000
Stained Glass Windows	
Chancel centre panel	1,200
Chancel side panels (2)	900 ea.
Gallery centre panel	1,200
Gallery side panels (2)	900 ea.
Nave windows (10)	600 ea.
Transcept windows (2)	600 ea.
Narthex windows (3)	600 ea.
Chancel Furnishings	
Reredos, Sedilia, and Panelling	2,280
Dossal Curtains	to be quoted
Hanging Cross	to be quoted

Communion Table .....	\$ 780	
Superfrontals (5) for Communion Table .....	from 50 to 90	ea.
Missal .....	40	
Candlesticks (2) .....	60	ea.
Candelabra (2) floor standing .....	190	ea.
Communion Rail .....	570	
Pulpit and Screen .....	1,500	
Minister's Sedile .....	95	
Lectern and Screen .....	575	
Holy Bible .....	25	
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Approximately ninety separate gifts! Examine them carefully. In some cases the prices quoted are merely approximate.

I feel I should make a special appeal for the Organ. Actually we do have \$1020 towards one already, but we need much more before we can go ahead. The Building Committee realizes that a Chapel without an Organ will remain unfinished, but we do not see our way clear to obligate ourselves to that expenditure just now. To have someone donate an Organ would, of course, be the best of all — and I am sure this is within the realm of possibility for certain of our former students. I pray they will feel moved to present such an adornment for the praise of God and that their interest will be so intense that they will send me a note at once.

How much a person misses if he passes through life without the opportunity of sharing in the erection of a House of Worship! This need never be said of you now. This is your privilege — and, it may be, your duty.

### Extending the Boundaries

I have prepared a small booklet of eight pages doubled—3½ inches by 6 inches—for wide distribution to prospective students throughout our Church. It tells about our School in an interesting fashion, I think, and I would appreciate it so much if you would send me a letter (along with that contribution, of course!) with the names and addresses of three or four girls who might be interested in O.L.C. I shall mail them a copy at once.

But there is another way you can extend the NEWS of O.L.C.—display your copy of VOX COLLEGI, show it to your friends who “make merrie” in your home. My copy will be resting in our living room, waiting for whatever eager hands may come.

Be not deceived—in the final analysis you are the most potent ambassador of O.L.C. I can testify to that because I am steadily receiving parents of prospective students in my office who are saying to me,—“We know . . . who was here . . . years ago. She was telling us about your school!”

Well, keep sending us the finest daughters!

## The Semester System

We are approaching the end of the first year of our Semester system and as a Faculty we are pleased with the experiment. We were timid when we began, but as the year advanced our hesitation gave way to confidence. Our teachers have been delighted with it, for it has enabled them to concentrate on fewer subjects at one time and thereby do a more thorough piece of work. The Inspector of the Department of Education has expressed himself as satisfied with the first stages of the plan. It seems almost assured that the System will stay for some time.

## On the Horizon

What are we to expect next year? It is always difficult to forecast what registration we shall have, but present indications are that we shall be far above the present total of one hundred and three in residence. Sixty-five students for next year are already registered, and this is the highest it has ever been at this time of year since I have been Principal. My guess is that, in spite of the fact we have raised the academic requirements for admission and increased our fees, we shall have more "knocking at the door" than last year. Hence we are making plans to increase our accommodation in the residence so that if necessary we shall, be able to take one hundred and thirty students. This we can manage by making a few shifts in the present distribution that will open ten more rooms. Since the number of students in our Ontario schools in the next five years will be seventy thousand more than at present, it is only reasonable to assume that the number seeking admission into independent schools will increase.

## "Welcome be thou, fair fresshe May . . ."

The whisperings have already begun: who will be May Queen? By the end of April we shall know. Till then patience may be strained, but must be kept. Our Festival takes place on Saturday, May 19th, and our speaker will be Miss Audrey McKim, B.A., who was our Queen in '49. The programme begins at two o'clock, as follows:—

Organ Recital ..... Mary Harper

Entrance of the May Queen

The College Choir

Address ..... Miss McKim

Presentation of Bible to May Queen

A Ballet ..... directed by Miss Gweneth Lloyd

Then off to the lawns for a Gymnastic Display—"if it prove fair weather".

## Near and Far

"So much from so far"—that describes my mail-bag this year. Miss Wendy Campbell (Fac '53) sends us an annual treatise from Japan where she is now completing her final year . . . Mrs. Alice Sanders Peel (Fac '48) and her husband, serving the Church of England in India, sent us a splendid account of their work . . . Patricia Abraham Lithgoe and Barbara (we do not know your husband's name, Barbara) sent glad tidings from England . . . Some day we hope to go to England, Patricia . . . Ethelind



Nunn Johnston ('40), Marion Edmison, Marion Fraser Lesley, Patricia Gray (nor have we the announcement of your marriage, Pat), Vivien McConnell Thompson, M. Gertrude I'Anson, and many others were so kind as to send me corrections in the addresses of many of our former students. That means much to us. Many thanks. Do you know that one hundred and three letters marked "unknown" were returned when we mailed the last NEWS? Please help us by giving us your changes of address . . . Dr. Margaret Miller Boyd of Glasgow wrote to tell us of her marriage this past summer. Joan Miller, her sister graduated with B.Sc. last year from University of Glasgow. Congratulations . . . Ada Chown Woodsworth describes former days at O.L.C. and her work in Japan at Kwansei Gakuin University where she and her husband taught for a number of years . . . Ruby Young Laird enlivened my musings one day by sending me a four-column article in the Calgary Paper on Dr. John Garden, my own friend and Principal of Mount Royal College, our sister institution . . . Etella Andry graduated from Brescia Hall in London and sent us her picture . . . Nothing more delightful than two cards from Judy Carroll, our youngest pupil in '50. She is going to "swell" the Chapel Fund! . . . Does anyone know where Muriel Baker ('50) is now? . . . Edith Scott of California called while on an extended trip that was to take her to the East Coast and then to Havana . . . Mrs. E. M. Granger Bennett has completed her excellent historical novel, "Land for Their Inheritance". She reviewed it for the Senior Castle Chapter in a most delightful manner last fall. The story describes the struggle of Louis Hébert in founding a settlement in New France. Read it for sure. Mrs. Bennett, whose husband is the Principal of Victoria College (Toronto), taught Moderns at O.L.C., then went to Lebanon College as Professor of French, and later was appointed Special Lecturer in French at Victoria . . . Dr. and Mrs. Carscallen celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at the home of their daughter, Mrs. S. W. Griffiths in Toronto on November 23rd. Their three daughters were with them; their son, Charles, is with the NATO forces in Europe. Several of their friends from Whitby and Oshawa carried their greetings in person. And I extend the wishes of you all when I add the wish for "Many happy years of continued service" . . . Caroline Lithgow Johnston has returned from Brazil where her husband had been serving as an Attaché at the Canadian Embassy. Both were stricken with poliomyelitis from which her husband, on the threshold of a brilliant career in Foreign Affairs, did not recover. The thoughts of all Caroline's friends are with her now . . . The sudden passing of Morley S. Bedford, the husband of Mabel Crawford Bedford ('11), was a shock to us who knew him. He entered the Beyond just as he left his Church after Sunday morning worship. Mrs. Bedford knows the sustaining grace of a Divine guidance and cherishes the matchless memory of many tributes to her husband's selfless life.

\* \* \* \*

I ask you to keep in mind the closing dates this year :

Class Day ..... Saturday, June 2nd  
Trafalgar Service ..... Sunday evening, June 3rd  
Commencement ..... Monday, June 4th, at two o'clock

Mrs. Osborne joins me in sending you all a very cheery greeting.

March 30th

S. L. OSBORNE

## *Mr. and Mrs.*

- (1) Lucila Milgram to Isaac Nicemberg at Caracas, Venezuela, on May 1, 1954.
- (2) Norma Hutcheon to Alexander Roy MacRae at Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Chippawa, on May 21, 1954.
- (3) Joan Mothersill Smith to Dr. Wm. Arthur Elliot at All Saints' Cathedral, Halifax, on May 21, 1955.
- (4) Frances Helene Clark to Constable George William Day at Collins Bay on June 25, 1955.
- (5) Joyce Shone to Ronald Joseph McMaster at Emmanuel College Chapel on July 8, 1955.
- (6) Vera Byberg to Donald Todd at Stamford Centre on July 30, 1955.
- (7) Jane Ann Nichols to Robert Varden McNally at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Cobourg on August 13, 1955.
- (8) Dr. Margaret Miller to Thomas Boyd in London, England, on August 27, 1955.
- (9) Patricia Joan Hogan to Fordon Wayne Manning in Toronto on September 16, 1955.
- (10) Madeline Dawn Myles to Albert Thomas Dutfield in Toronto on October 22, 1955.
- (11) Nancy Chapman to Herbert Howard Forest, at Fort Erie in November, 1955.
- (12) Beryle Irwin to Bill Tamlin at Little Britain in December, 1955.
- (13) Patricia Gray to Daniel George at Port Credit, on January 20, 1956.
- (14) Isabel McKenzie to Herbert Richard Cook at Lawrence Park Community Church in Toronto, on February 4, 1956.
- (15) Seindla Jaffa Ghelman to Nathan Feigel at Tel-Aviv, Israel, on February 7, 1956.
- (16) Pula Franco to Samy Alfandary at Maracaibo, Venezuela, on March 17, 1956.
- (17) Mary Isobel Stocks to John Alexander McCleery at St. John's Church, York Mills, on April 21, 1956.
- (18) Winifred Elizabeth Wall to Riad Abdelkader El-hanadi, on April 29, 1956 at St. Barnabas Church in Ottawa.

## *And the Family*

(1) To Jean (Buchan) and Bruce Bellinger, a daughter.

(2) To Barbara (Norman) and Joe Patterson, a son, Peter Joseph, on April 28, 1955.

(3) To Alice (Sanders) and Don Peel of India, a daughter, Lois Jean, a sister for Margaret, Mary and Joy, on July 21, 1955.

(4) To Pamela (Tulk) and James P. Hunnicutt, a daughter, Sandra Mary, on September 18, 1955, at Sao Paulo, Brazil.

(5) To Nancy (Anderson) and H. Barton Goss, a son, Anderson James, on November 8, 1955.

(6) To Joyce (Leach) and Douglas Oldham, a daughter, Donna Elaine, on November 14, 1955.

(7) To Jane (Doelle) and Dr. Arthur Malcolm, a son, Arthur Paul Malcolm, on December 23, 1955.

(8) To Helen (Channen) and Walter Wolfe, a son, Walter Emmet, on February 14, 1956.

(9) To Betty (Shields) and Thomas Gibson, a son, Thomas Shields, on May 3rd, 1956.



# Conclusion

## VAGABOND WANDERER

I roam the dusty roads, the sky my only roof;  
The poor rich man is often sad and holds himself aloof.  
The haystack is my bed, the moon above, my light;  
He lives within a stuffy house and sleeps abed at night.

His gold is in the heavy coins that pass about the land:  
His silver in the ugly cups, and rings upon the hand.  
My gold is in the daffodils and yellow sun above:  
My silver in the stars and moon and sweet notes of the dove.

Some say that beggars can't be choosers:  
I say — rich men are the losers !

JANE BASTEDO

SENIOR DINNER — May 17th

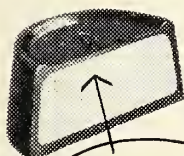


Thank-you, Pat for a wonderful experience —

THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

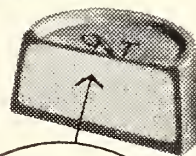


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This book is dear to us and it is they who make it possible.

Thank you, Mr. Munro.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF,

Vox Collegii.



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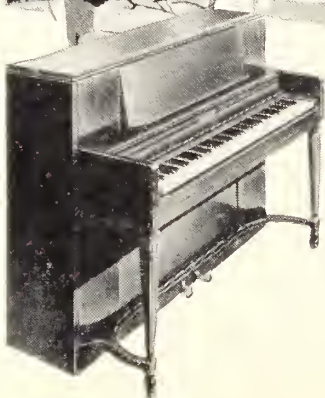
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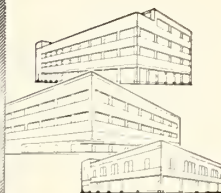
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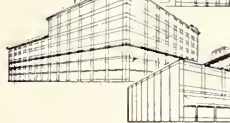
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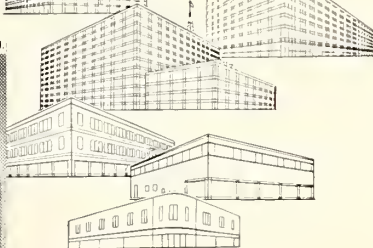
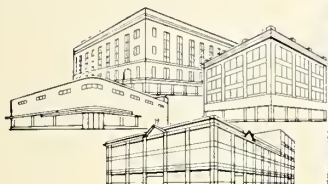
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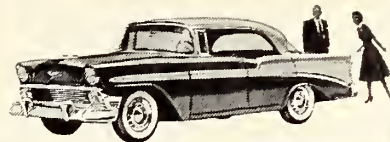
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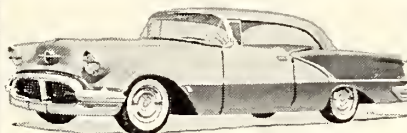


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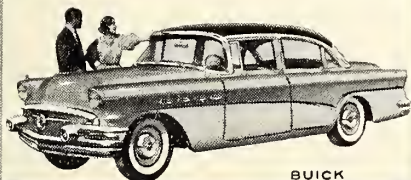
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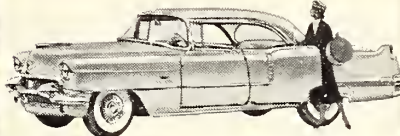
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FLEMING, Nora, 326 Dundas Street East, Whitby.  
FRENNETTE, Valerie and Patricia, P.O. Box 92, O'Connor Drive P.O., Toronto 16.  
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